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men, all of them, as the inscriptions on the crosses of iron or wood testify, yet as in life grouped according to rank and precedence.

For the living it is a comfort to have the dead among them; for the dead, to continue to play a part in life. The sound of church bells calling to early mass starts the day; only the goatherd's horn has summoned the herds even earlier. At eleven in the morning the bell calls to dinner, and with the vesper bell the day is ended. The tolling of the bell marks out each working week, and marks out the year according to the festivals of the Church.

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Public affairs centre on the church square. There official announcements concerning the parish are posted. Similar information is given out there after the service on Sundays. The cattle drink at the village well, and the men at the village inn. The women take no part in public life.

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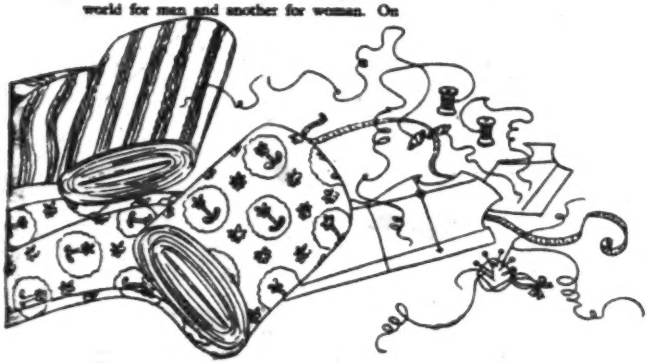
Every farm, whether it stands apart amidst its own fields, or whether it keeps good neighbourly company with others in the village, has an orchard and a small garden near the house. The garden grows vegetables and spices. Its many-hued flowers, pinks and lilies, asters and phlox, crown-imperial, mignonette, sweet-smelling herbs,

Wooden Mould.

000 dancing sunshine over the Bruegnel-like masses in the Volksgarten and the crowds streaming along the pavements. The plump lilac bushes flower with unrestrained grace, and the chestnut trees of the avenue in front of the Leopoldian Wing look as though they were forming an escort for the petrified *lenade* on its high stone column. Life is clamant here, life, women and fashion.

562 The chapter "Woman" is written in Vienna in a language of its own. Let us open it in the middle: Woman cooks, of course, but many men have a wonderful knowledge of the culinary arts. Man, of course, is the master—but the most famous ruler of Austria was a woman. Naturally man is the head of the family, but the position of woman in house and society is unquestioned. Although man and woman both have their definite spheres of authority, the world of Vienna has never been divided into one world for men and another for woman. On



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the contrary, there is a mutual recognition, a sort of reciprocal politeness between the sexes, and the Strindberg and Ibsen problems are consequently as rarely met with as is any kind of movement for emancipation, for these can only arise where women are misunderstood or neglected by men. In short, they hold in Vienna that man and wife belong together, that one should wed for love and that a chill wind blows over marriages of convenience.

Among the qualities attributed by the world to the women of European capitals—of Paris, Rome or Madrid—those of charm and amiability are ascribed to the daughters of Vienna. The repetition of this throughout the centuries causes it not only to be absorbed into the blood but confers special qualities. One of these is a natural ease of manner, which leads many strangers to suppose the Vienna girl to be more seduc-

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tive than she really is or wishes to be, so that they accuse her of promising more than she ever had any intention of allowing —or keeping.

The protective consideration which is accorded to young girls, "Backfische" ("flappers") everywhere results from another privilege, while a third is the special respect shown to old ladies. These latter form a broad class which extends from the much applauded actresses who play "mother rôles" in the Burgtheater, through all classes of the population to the country villages. All these dear old faces seeming to radiate benevolence in the soft glow of life's evening. Woe to the man who is guilty of offending one of these women!

Thus in Vienna two words are robbed of their sharpest sting: "As a woman to grow old" and "To become a grandmother". Theoretically the mothers may still,

562 through their appearance, be the keenest rivals of their own daughters, but between grandmother and grandchild there is a bond of womanly friendship, ripe experience giving the best advice to youth.

In Vienna it is not only the rare and striking woman of dazzling appearance who is singled out for attention. Woman as such is privileged irrespective of age or rank, and man profits from it. Fashion is not primarily a method of attracting attention, it is not so much a carefully devised system, the mere servant of woman in a jealous struggle to give pleasure. Fashion is neither a courtesan nor a procuress but is rather added to the union of man and woman as a third, joybringing partner to heighten the intensity of life.

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Thus fashion in Vienna is not the exclusive prerogative of the upper ten. It is like a melody for all to sing. It is like a free improvisation in all keys of natural good taste and native coquetry. Vienna fashion translates and popularises the *dernier cri* of the moment to a refrain which every woman understands and it is therefore not possible to hold it prisoner in the leading fashion houses of the *haute couture*. It steps through the revolving doors out on to the street, moving boldly among work-a-day folk. It is not limited by anyone's occupation or station in life, but touches every daughter of Eve: it is as ubiquitous in the morning as in the evening. Personal taste and individual skill play a big part in the final result. Everyone in Vienna can catch the trend of fashion, and the women and girls look as though they all belonged to the upper ten.

Adaptation to the individual and the occasion so alters the feminine picture in Vienna that it is often not easy to recognise the fashion of the moment at first glance. The general impression is one of smart and well-dressed women, but therein lies the secret. The